ANTICHRIST Unhooded;

OR,

An Explanation of the NAMES and TITLES by which the Scripture exhibits *ANTICHRIST* to the World.

And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume by the Spirit of his Mouth, and shall destroy with the Brightness of his Comming. 2 Thess. 2. 8.

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Antichriſt Unhooded.

Preface Monitory.

THou Antichriſt, *thou* Babylon *the Great,*
Whoſe Magnitude is founded on a Cheat;
Thou Armed Beaſt, with Horns no leſs than Ten,
Wherewith thou ruineſt the ſons of men;
Thou whom the Scripture calls a Myſtery
(Not of the Truth, but) of Iniquity.
Thou Scarlet Whore, *thou wicked* Man of Sin,
That think'ſt thy Judgment never will begin:
Look in this Glaſs, behold thine ugly hue,
Common to all the Antichriſtian Crew.

Now to my work: theſe Titles I'le explain;
And you muſt know, th' are given not in vain:
In ſenſe and meaning they are not ſo ſcant,
As Ceremonies, *call'd* ſignificant.

Antichriſt

Antichriſt, *under that Appellation.*

HE is *againſt Chriſt*, alſo *in his ſtead*,
And on Chriſt's Body ſets his Beaſtly Head:
Againſt him as a Prophet, Prieſt and Lord,
Againſt him in his People, Wayes and Word;
There is nothing 'gainſt which he hath a ſpleen,
Like ſuch wherein Chriſt's Image may be ſeen.
A holy Church, compoſ'd of theſe two Evils,
Chriſt's Picture baniſht, and imbrac'd the Devils.
For Praiſing Saints, a ſort of Bawling Sinners,
In Holineſs who never were beginners.
An idle *Idol-Shepherd* for a Paſtor,
For Miniſter, [well conſtrued] Lord and Maſter.
For humble *Paul*, my Lord Arch Biſhops *Grace*
In th'abſtract, it is chained to his place.
Linnen and Wollen of a Sacred dye
Is put for Holineſs, and I know why:
Such Holineſs doth Antichriſt beſt pleaſe,
Becauſe it is put on and off with eaſe:
For Church, the Clergy, or a heap of *S*tones,
The lively Emblem of ſuch lifeleſs Droans.
For Cup, the Chalice, Altar for the Table;
And all to turn the Truth into a Fable.
Now who but Idiots will not think it ſtrange,
That Chriſt ſhould hold his own in ſuch a change?
His Church thus furniſht, you may ſafely ſwear
He's metamorphoſ'd, if you find him there.

'Αντὶ Gr. *Againſt*, for *inſtead of*.

From בבל *to confound.*

GReat *Babylon*, whose name implies *Confusion*,
His *decent Order* bears the same conclusion.
A His Organ piping, bawling, canting *Chanters*,
A A man would think him got among the *Ranters*:
A Now they look one way, then they face about,
A And so Religion's faln into a rout.
B He *Babylon* is call'd, for his Oppression
B Of all that don't subscribe to his profession.
B BABYLONS Cruelty he doth exceed,
B In making Bodies and their Souls to bleed:
B Yet if you please, come under his subjection
B The benefit you'l have of his protection:
B But when the *Holy Watcher* makes a fall,
B Then down comes *Babylon the Great*, and all
B His Champions, Limbs, and flatr'ers, *helter skelter*,
B Confounded and asham'd of such a shelter.
C 'Tis *Babylon the Great*, that doth include,
C Like th'other *Babylon*, a Multitude;
C And so 'tis Catholick in likelihood;
C But seldom go together *Great* and *Good*.

Beast with ten Horns.

A But why such Learned men are call'd the Beast,
A This seems more mystical than all the rest.
A Yet pause a while, and see the matter try'd,
A You'l say the Man-like-Beast is not bely'd.

b A nasty filthy Beast he is I tro;
b There's not such filth, but down with him 'twil go.

Cor-

b Corruptions Sipiritual are no Offences,
b For he perceives not but by carnal ſences.

b A naſty filthy ſoul, that makes no matter,
b So he can cleanſe the outſide of the Platter;
b Yet if the outſide in the dirt do fall,
b A holy Garment ſerves to cover all.
b Now gueſs, I pray you, what this Beaſt doth mean;
b Not a Beaſt only, but a Beaſt unclean.

c A greedy Beaſt, for's belly he doth plod,
c The Beaſt hath reaſon for't, it is his God:
c What is too precious for his belly then?
c The bodies? No, nor yet the ſouls of men.

Ten Horns.

d Theſe are his Ornaments that make him brave,
d And whilſt he *wears them*, who dares cal him *knave*?
d But if his Dictates one ſhould ſay he ſcorns,
d He'l teach him better manners with his Horns.
d A Horn muſt ſerve to pour them down by force,
d And ſo poor man is ſerved like a Horſe.
d Yet he's concluded, and by all agreed,
d Without his Horns a ſilly Beaſt indeed.

Myſtery of Iniquity.

A *Myſtery!* 'tis ſomewhat like a Trade,
But that's *mechanick*, and doth much degrade
Thoſe ſublime ſouls fixt in a heav'nly Sphear
So high, you need good eyes to ſpie them there.
But if you doubt their earthly, dirty dealing,
Put out your eyes, you'l find it by the feeling.

What

What means the greatneſs of his *Holineſs*,
And others, who then Popes are little leſs?
Theſe ſell by whole-ſale to the petty Clerks
(Whoſe ſwallows are as wide as any *Sharks*)
A flock of Folk, in number more or leſs,
From a poor Cure to a Dioceſs:
To ſome, one Living, and to others ten,
To trade themſelves, or by their Journy-men;
But not a Living goes without a Bribe;
'Tis vain to plead, *Sir I am of your Tribe.*
Yet he that can but reade a Prayer-Book
May catch a Living with a Silver hook.
The retail Clergy being at this coſt,
Their Trade muſt be improved to the moſt,
And ſcrewed up unto the higheſt peg,
Of all their Tithe they'l bate you not an Egg;
Beſides your coſt for every petty chare,
A Chriſtning, Burial, or a Churching-Prayer:
Yet what they ſell to you they'l ſtill retain,
A thouſand times yon'l have the ſame again.
To pay for one thing twice, is no fair play,
But the Sun ſhines, and they will make their Hay:
If this won't ſerve to ſtuff their ſtretched skins,
They'l help to fill them with the Peoples ſins;
Sins againſt God come not within their lurch,
But heinous ſins, which are againſt the Church,
Whoſe Officers as buſie are as Bees,
To ſuck from thence the honey of their Fees. A
Such Remedies will cure any Fall;
They've learn'd that Proverb, *Money anſwers all.*
But to contemn the Church, that is an evil,
Deſerves a plague no leſs than *Take him Devil.*

Stretch

Stretch out your *Purſe*, & ſhe'l ſtretch out her *Arm*,
Make *Satan* redeliver without harm.

Antichriſts Church myſterious was of old;
'Tis ſtill a Doubt his Doctors can't unfold:
Some ſay the *Pope*, with's *Cardinals* ſay others,
Who are the *Conclave*, and conjunct as brothers:
Some ſay the *Council Univerſal* ſhe;
Others, the *Clergy totall* it muſt be:
The *Church Nationall* another ſays;
The *Roman Catholick* will ſwear he lies.
Well ſhot of all, yet all the Mark do miſs,
That ſeek it any where, but where it is:
And till the Church is known, he's very quick,
That can tell who is the *true Schiſmatick*.

And like her ſelf, in *Myſtery* ſhe is dreſt;
(A faſhion of a general requeſt,
With all the Kindred of the *Romiſh Whore*,
By which you'l know them, if I ſay no more.)
With *Croſſier*, *Mitre*, and the *Fryars weeds*,
The *Staff Paſtoral*, and the *mumbling Beads*;
The *Rocket*, *Tippit*, *Caſſock*, *Cope* and *Hood*,
Lawn ſleeves and *Surplice*, more if you think good.
A *Sacred Girdle* binds them all together,
Of finer ſtuff than was *John Baptiſts* Leather.
These Myſteries ſet forth Religious men,
But to the reſt, they are not one of ten;
Yet all ordained are to ſignifie
Some Truth or Falſhood in a *Myſterie*.

The WHORE.

A *Subtil Whore*, a Whore of Impudence,
Whose brazen Forehead is her best defence.
A *gaudy Whore*, her out-side is her best,
Strip her of that, and naught is all the rest.
A *deep-dy'd Whore*, no less than Scarlet red,
Her Garments all are dipt in Martyrs blood.
Yet call her Whore, & she shall have Protectors,
The Horns o'th Beast wil take her part like *Hectors*.
A *Spotted Whore*, and of her spots she's proud;
Against all purity she's sworn and vow'd.
A *flattring Whore*, do but her lusts fulfill,
She'l say both what, and when, and how you will.
A *Common Whore*, for all men she hath room,
But those that hate and will not at her come.
A *Whore contagious*, I dare avouch her,
You'l be infected if you do but touch her.
A *fruitful Whore*, a thing that's very rare,
The World's half fill'd with Harlots she did bear.
And though like Whores they scold one at another,
They are as like as Daughter and the Mother.
You need not then go seek the Whore at *Rome*,
These Spectacles will find her *nearer home*.

The Man of Sin.

THe premises my pains have saved here,
Two lines sufficiently bring up the Rear;
He is a *Man*, but of all men the worst,
Made up *of Sin*, and above all men curst.

FINIS.